

Southern Argus.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY BARKER & CURTIS.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

[AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.]

VOL. 5.

COLUMBUS, (ML.) TUESDAY, MAY 28, 1839.

NO. 37.

THE SOUTHERN ARGUS.

BYRON BARKER, Editor,
Published every Tuesday at Five Dollars
per annum in advance. No subscription
will be received for less than six months, pay-
ment always in advance.
Letters addressed to the Editor on busi-
ness connected with the paper, must be
sent by post; otherwise they will not be at-
tended to.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

The Proprietors of the two Newspapers
at Columbus, have mutually agreed
on the following terms for yearly and other
advertisements. They will in all cases, be rigid-
ly adhered to.

Advertisements not marked with the number
of insertions, will be published until forbid-
den, and charged accordingly.
Advertisements—Four squares or less,
inserted at pleasure, \$50, payable half
in advance. No contract for less than one year.
The privilege of annual advertisements is limi-
ted to the privilege of immediate business; all ad-
vertisements for the benefit of other persons
inserted in them, must be paid for by the
advertiser.

Candidates for office will be
inserted free of charge. No name will be inserted unless
specially authorized by some responsible
person.

Work must be paid for on delivery.

DR. E. E. SLADE,
has resumed the practice of his profes-
sion, and will punctually attend to all
cases when not professionally engaged. His
office is in the rear of the building formerly oc-
cupied by Slade & Baker, in Market-street,
and will be found at his residence,
Columbus, April 8, 1839. 30c

DR. WELLS A. THOMPSON,
has resumed the practice of Medicine in
Columbus. His Office is on Main-street,
and he may be found during the day, ex-
cept when absent on professional business.—
Persons waiting his services at night, will find
him at Bell & Comer's Tavern. 20c

DR. WATKINS & TALLIAFERRO,
have just received from Dr. Bridges,
(one of the Vaccine Physicians of Phila-
delphia), a Crust of Matter, the 18th trans-
mission from the Cow, and are prepared to
cure all applicants at their office on Mar-
ket-street, Columbus, April 8, 1839. 30c

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

STEPHEN E. NASH and JOHN
D. HUMPHRIES, (late of Ala-
bama), having formed a partnership, in the prac-
tice of law, will, for the future, practice in con-
junction, in the Circuit and Superior Courts
of Alabama, and in the Superior Courts
of Georgia, Mississippi, and Louisiana.
They hope, by prompt and faithful atten-
tion to the duties of their profession, to merit
a liberal share of public patronage.
Their office is in Columbus, Md. (being the
formerly occupied by S. E. Nash), where
one or both of them can generally be found.
February 1, 1839. 21c

LAW NOTICE.

WILLIAM H. KELLY, having permanently
located at Carrollton, (Pickens C. H.) Ala.
attends the Courts of the Counties of
Carrollton, Greene, Sumpter, and Pickens.
Feb. 27, 1839.

THE HUGENOT.—A new work by
James, author of "Richelieu," "The
Robber," &c. just published,
and for sale by
PFISTER & GOODWIN. 25

CURLED HAIR and SHUCK MAT-
TRASSES, for sale low, at the coach
shop of
A. R. WOLFFINGTON. 10c

ADDES, we have received a new supply
of Cookery Books, among which are,
Miss Leslie's Complete Cookery, and the Vir-
ginia Housewife.
PFISTER & GOODWIN. 25

JUJUBE PASTE, an excellent article for
hoarseness and colds, for sale at the Co-
lumbus Drug Store, by
G. HILL. 16

LEATHER TRUNKS.—An assortment
of well made Leather Trunks for sale by
J. M. SYMONS. 19

CUTLERY.—Pen Knives and Razors,
warranted good, at moderately high pri-
ces, for sale by
PFISTER & GOODWIN. 20

CAROLINA HOES.—Also, a superior
Steel Hoe, just received and for sale by
FRANKLIN & BROTHER. 19

CUTTON YARN, of excellent thread, for
sale by
J. M. SYMONS. 19

GLASSO JEANS.—We have on hand a
lot of superior Glasso Jeans.
FRANKLIN & BROTHER. 10

300 GALLONS LIMESEED OIL,
for sale by the barrel or less quanti-
ty, at the Drug Store of
G. HILL. 19

PAPER HANGINGS.—Some beautiful
patterns, just opened, and for sale by
PFISTER & GOODWIN. 20

BLANK WARRANTS OF AT-
TACHMENT & CATCH, for the
State, for sale at the Argus Office. Also,
a quantity of "Lawyer's," "Justice's," and
"Court's" Blanks, kept constantly on hand.
February 20, 1839.

JOB PRINTING,
in all its various branches, neatly and ex-
peditiously executed at this Office.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

The following beautiful and affecting "Re-
quiem" we extract from the Philadelphia Ga-
zette. It is probably the production of the
editor, Willis Gaylord Clark, who lately lost
his kind hearted, lovely and accomplished la-
dy.

I see thee still!
Remembrance faithful to her trust;
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear,
I see thee still!

I see thee still,
In every hallowed tomb around;
This little ring thy finger bound—
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain thy breast beaded;
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Beloved, thou didst call me to me:
This book was thine—here didst thou read—
This picture, ah! yes here, indeed,
I see thee still!

I see thee still;
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
Thy favorite fire-side seat,
Thy chamber, where each day,
I sat and watched thy sad decay;
Here on this bed thou didst lie,
Here, on this pillow, thou didst die!
Dark hour! once more thy woes unfold—
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still:
Thou art not in the tomb confined,
Death cannot close o'er its sacred mind.
Let earth close o'er its sacred trust,
Yet goodness dies not in the dust.
Thou, oh beloved! 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone—
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

"LOVE AND ITS LOSS."

A tale selected from the April number of
the Knickerbocker.

COUNT STAMMER and his wife had
long been considered an enviable happy
pair. Their union was the result of a
long and ardent attachment. Beautiful;
good; and intellectual; congenial in taste
and feeling; they seemed made for each
other.

After their betrothment, some disagree-
ment occurred between their parents,
which threatened to put a stop to the con-
summation of their marriage. The young
couple became alarmingly ill from grief;
and the enthusiastic lover threatened
to destroy himself, like Goethe's
Werther, or Miller's Siegfart. How-
ever, to restore the countess, and prevent
the desperate act of the count, the pa-
rents became apparently reconciled. This
saved the life of the lovers; but no soon-
er was the young lady pronounced out of
danger, than her parents removed her,
and endeavored to delay their union for an
indefinite period. This was not to be en-
dured. The young couple contrived to
meet one night, escaped beyond the fron-
tier, and under another government, were
united before the altar. They returned
man and wife, having secured, as they
fondly thought, a heaven upon earth.

From this time, they seemed models of
love and harmony. From morning until
evening, never separate, they seemed but
to think of, and live for, each other. The
romance and sentimental tenderness of
their love, made their existence like life in
a fairy tale. In winter, as well as in sum-
mer, he filled her apartment with signifi-
cant flowers; and even every article of
furniture was hallowed by some associa-
tion or recollection.

The second year, this enthusiastic fond-
ness seemed rather an overstrained, false
sentiment; but still, in all society, whether
in gay routs and balls, or in a small
circle of friends, they seemed to see, and
think only of each other, so much so, in-
deed, as to render themselves almost ir-
rational. In the third year, they laid
aside this amiable weakness before the
world, though at home their love still re-
tained its romantic fondness. In the
fourth, they seemed to have recovered
from this first intoxication of happiness,
so far at least as to be contented apart.

They often passed the evening, sometimes
the whole day, in company; he here, and
she there. This, however, but enhanced
the pleasure of their reunion. By the
fifth year, the count could leave home for
a week, without being almost heart-bro-
ken; and the countess could bear his ab-
sence with fortitude. But their letters to
each other, written daily, were as tender
and impassioned as those of Holioise.

The sixth, they became more sensible;
and even when separated for several
weeks, were satisfied with a few friendly
letters. In the seventh, both felt that they
could love sincerely, without its being ne-
cessary to assure each other of it, from
morning until night.

So far, all was well. In place of the
all-absorbing passion of their first love;
there was that abiding affection, that sil-
ent confidence in each other, that deeper
friendship, which is the height of human
happiness. In the eighth year, they had
gradually thrown off so much of the self-
ishness of love, as to become sensible of
the claims of the rest of the world; and
no longer live solely for each other; as if
they were the only sentient beings, and
the rest of mankind but pictures or stat-
ues upon the stage of life. In nine, they
were amiable, sensible people, abroad as
well as at home. In ten, they seemed
very much like mankind in general, and
like excellent people who had been mar-
ried ten years, and could take care of
themselves. They had certainly grown
ten years older; so had their love; and
also! so had their virtues also.

Next, they began to see the faults and
foibles that had hitherto been covered
with the mantle of love. They spoke now
of them, but viewed each other's errors
with kindness and indulgence. Soon,
however, came a gentle admonition; but
it wounded the feelings, the offender
was sure to make a full and free at-
tachment. Then these admonitions came of

tenor; atonement was not so easily made;
yet still harmony prevailed. Then follow-
ed occasional irritation, and anger, and
differences of opinion; but they still lov-
ed each other, and such things will occur
in the happiest unions. At length their
mutual feelings dictated avoidance of too
frequent contact.

"You are sentimental, and sometimes
irritable," said the count one day to his
wife. "So am I. It is useless to have
these idle differences. We will not in-
terfere with each other, but each take our
own way. We can be sincerely attached,
without letting our attachment torment us
to death."

The countess acquiesced in her hus-
band's sensible view of the matter, and
henceforth they led an almost separate ex-
istence. Rarely meeting, except at meals,
no one asked, "whence comest, or whither
goest thou?" In this complaisant man-
ner, they lived in peace and harmony.

One evening, in the twentieth year of
their marriage, they attended the theatre,
and were charmed with the delightful pic-
ture of domestic life and conjugal hap-
piness, which the play represented. They
returned full of the feelings which had
been excited in their susceptible hearts.
"The love of their youth seemed revived,
and they sat conversing affectionately by
the fire-side before supper."

"Ah!" said the countess, "it would
all be charming, if we could only remain
young!"
"You at least, have no reason to re-
gret the loss of youth," said her husband,
tenderly. "Few women remain so youth-
ful and lovely. Indeed, I can see no dif-
ference between you now, and the day of
our marriage. Some little faults of temper,
perhaps, are discoverable; but that we must
all expect; for were it not for these, our
happiness would be too great for this
earth. Indeed, were I to live my life
over again, you would be my choice."

"You are kind and gallant," answered
the countess, with a sigh; "but think
what I was twenty years ago, and what I
am now!"
"Now a lovely wife—then a lovely maid-
en! I would not exchange the one for the
other," said her husband, kissing her
affectionately.

"We want but one thing, my love, to
perfect our happiness," said the countess.
"Ah! I understand you; an only
child to perpetuate your virtues and gra-
ces. Heaven may yet bless us."
"We should be indeed happy; but then
an only child causes more anxiety and
care, than pleasure; lest, by some acci-
dent, we should lose it. Two chil-
dren—"

"You are right; and not two, but
three; for with two, if we lose one, there
is the same anxiety and fear, lest we
should be robbed of the other. I trust
that heaven will yet hear our prayers, and
bestow upon us three children."

"My beloved friend," said the coun-
tess, smiling, "three are almost too many.
We should be placed in a new embarras-
ment; for example, if they were all
sons—"

"Good! We have five and twenty for-
tunes a year; enough for us and for them.
I would place the eldest in the army; of
the second I would make a diplomatist;
neither requires much expense; and we
have rank, friends, and influence."
"But you forget the youngest!"
"The youngest! By no means! He
shall be in the church; a canon—perhaps
a prebend."
"What! a priest?—my son a priest?"
No, indeed! Besides, he has no prospect
of advancement."
"No prospect of advancement?—and
why not? He might become an abbot, a
bishop, or even a cardinal!"
"Never! I would never be the mother
of a monk, and see my son with the shaven
crown and dark habit of the cloister!
What can you be thinking of? If I had
a hundred sons, not one should be a
priest!"

"You are in a very strange temper,
my dear wife, to withhold your consent to
a profession which would not only be for
his happiness and advantage, but ours."
"Call it temper, or what you please, I
care not. But I firmly declare, that I never
shall consent; and remember, Sir, a
mother has some right."

"Very little," said the father, with the
authority, and superior knowledge."
"But the father is often wrong; his 'super-
ior knowledge' is not infallible."
"Ah well! I, at least, do not claim
knowledge that I do not possess; and I
repeat, when the time arrives, I shall act
as I think proper, without paying the
slightest attention to your ridiculous and
unfounded prejudices."

"I am aware, sir, that you are my lord
and husband; but I desire you to know,
that I have not got the honor of being
your servant."

"Nor am I your fool, Madam! I have
ever yielded to you—perhaps too much.
Ill humor, I can bear and forgive; beside,
little quarrels give variety and incident to
life. But this foolishness is too intolerable."

"Much obliged to you! Practice
proves how much you have yielded. I beg
to know who has ever given up so much? For
long years I have endured your faults in
silence, and magnanimously pardoned
them, as more the errors of education and
understanding, than of the heart. But the
most angelic forbearance and amabili-
ty can be too severely tried."

"There you are quite right. Had I
not the most forbearing, forgiving disposi-
tion in the world, I could not have borne
your ill humor and capriciousness so long. But
I must plainly say, that it is too much to
expect me to be the obedient servant of
folly. I can bear the yoke no longer."

"I too, will plainly say, what I have
long thought, that you are a haughty, self-
conceited, egotist; a heartless man, al-
ways talking of 'feeling' and 'love,' which
you do not possess. Such people always
boast of what they have not."

"That is the exact you speak so fre-

quently of your amiable disposition, and
fine mind. You may deceive others, per-
haps; thank heaven, I was undeceived,
long ago! Virtue, with you, is nothing
more than feminine affectation. The
more intimately I know you, the more
does this disgust me. Indeed, I should
not be very miserable, if you should wish
to return to your family, and leave me in
peace."

"You have anticipated my wishes! A
more tedious, conceited egotist was surely
never created to amuse a sensible wo-
man; and after a man becomes ridiculous
in the eyes of his wife, you must know
there can be no greater happiness, than
for her to be speedily rid of him."

"Extremely amiable, truly! All is
then unmasked. I take you at your
word. Adieu! Truly, it seems like
some pleasing dream! In the morning
the matter shall be duly arranged."

"The earlier the better, my Lord
Count!"
And so they parted. The next morn-
ing, a notary was sent for; witnesses
came; the act of divorce was written and
signed by both; and notwithstanding the
entreaties and remonstrances of friends
and relatives, the separation took place.

Thus was a long and apparently hap-
py union suddenly broken. A ridiculous
dispute about the future destinies of three
sons, who were yet by no means in the
world, had broken a tie which should have
been for eternity. And yet both the
count and countess belonged to the better
class of mankind, and had no faults worse
than the frailties to which all are subject.

PRINTERS.

Compositors in a printing office
are curious chaps. They love bread
and cheese, turkey, ham, veal, turtle, porter,
juleps, cigars, and in fact every thing
good, except pi—that they hate as they
do the lack of copy.

"Here's an out," said we, last night
while correcting proof—"why don't you
take more pains?" I have pains enough
already," said one of them, "judging
from the way my back feels."

"But speak of the out," said we.
"Well, speaking of the 'out,'—what
then?—I wish I was out—I am nearly
tired to death."

"Well, sit down and work," replied
we.
"I like that—can a man be sitting up,
when he is setting down?" "Spect not."
And so it runs on—you can't get a ra-
tional word from any of them—they are
fuller of puns than a dog is of frolic,
and bother us nearly to death. We want
all the puns to ourselves, but they won't
permit us.

Take another specimen.
"Tom, is your form ready to be lock-
ed?"
"Oh yes, ready two hours ago."
"How two hours ago? you had a col-
umn to set then?"
"I know it, and there's half a column
now wanting."
"Thought you said your form was
ready to be locked?"
"So my form is—may be you don't
know what I mean by locking my form."
"It seems not," said we, "for you
whip the devil of sense so round the
stump, that we can't catch it now."

"I lock my form with a good sleep—
all the rolling in the world would't make
an impression. I'm a perfect case then,
for sleep, they say, is typical of death.
Sometimes I require a composing stick to
make all right."

ORIGIN OF MORMONISM.

The origin of this band of fanatics who
have excited so much attention recently
at the west, affords another lamentable in-
stance of the comparative ease with which
the grossest fraud and most glaring im-
posture may be palmed on individuals,
even in the most intelligent community,
and how liable, even persons in other mat-
ters of some discrimination, are to be
transformed into the silly dupes of arrant
knaves and impudent pretenders. The
founders of this sect professed to obtain
the book of their faith, from plates of
brass brought from heaven by an angel
to the celebrated "Joe Smith," who has
succeeded in numbering among his dis-
ciples, in all, perhaps, some thousands of
all ages and sexes. The real origin of this
book until within a few weeks was never
discovered clearly to the public, although
it was evident that knavery was used in
obtaining it, as the first propagators of
their tenets are men remarkable for their
shrewdness. This "Book of Mormon,"
or "Golden Bible," is well ascertained
to have been the production of the Rev.
Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dart-
mouth College, and formerly pastor of a
Presbyterian Church, on the Western Re-
serve in Ohio. While suffering under
disease, to amuse himself and his friends,
he wrote an imaginary history of the
mysterious race of men who built the an-
cient mounds and other works of art,
which are scattered so profusely over the
valley of the Mississippi.

This manuscript having serpenitiously
fallen into the hands of these artful and
designing men, was used for the further-
ance of their schemes of aggrandizement
and pecuniary profit, by building up a new
set of fanatics.—The Rev. John Storrs,
of Holliston, Mass., learning that the
widow of Mr. Spaulding (now Davison,
having since Mr. S's death, married a
second husband), was still living at Mon-
sieur, Mass., and could testify to this fact,
addressed her a letter, and obtained the
following narrative, which is published in
the Boston Recorder, and which we copy
as a matter of curiosity, and a memorial
of a most successful and arrant imposture,
practiced in the nineteenth century, in
what we are fond of styling, the most
enlightened portion of the world.—Natchez
Courier.

As this book has excited much atten-
tion, and has been put, by a certain new
sect, in the place of the sacred Scriptures,
I deem it a duty which I owe to the pub-
lic, to state what I know touching its ori-
gin. That its claim to a divine origin is
wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a
mind unperverted by the grossest delu-
sions. That any sane person should rank
it higher than any other merely human
composition, is a matter of the great-
est astonishment; yet it is received as di-
vine by some who dwell in enlightened
New England, and even by those who
have sustained the characters of devoted
christians. Learning recently that Mor-
monism has found its way into a Church
in Massachusetts, and has impregnated
some of its members with its gross delu-
sions, to communicate has become ne-
cessary, I am determined to delay no
longer doing what I can to strip the mask
from this monster of sin, and to lay open
this pit of abominations.

Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I
was united in marriage in early life, was
a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was
distinguished for a lively imagination, and
a great fondness for history. At the time
of our marriage he resided in Cherry
Valley, New York. From this place
we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula
county, Ohio; sometimes called Conneaut,
as it is situated upon Conneaut Creek.
Shortly after our removal to this place,
his health sunk, and he was laid aside from
active labors. In the town of New Sa-
lem, there are numerous mounds and
forts, supposed by many to be the dilapi-
dated dwellings and fortifications of a
race now extinct. These ancient relics
arrest the attention of the new settlers,
and become objects of research for the cu-
rious. Numerous implements were found,
and other articles evincing great skill in
the arts. Mr. Spaulding, being an edu-
cated man, and passionately fond of his-
tory, took a lively interest in these de-
velopments of antiquity; and in order to
bequeath the hours of retirement and fu-
nish employment for his lively imagina-
tion, he conceived the idea of giving an
historical sketch of that long lost race.

Their extreme antiquity, of course, would
lead him to write in the most ancient style,
and as the Old Testament is the most an-
cient book in the world, he imitated its
style as nearly as possible. His sole ob-
ject in writing this historical romance, was
to amuse himself and neighbors. This
was about the year 1812. Hull's surren-
der at Detroit occurred near the same
time, and I recollect the date well from
that circumstance. As he progressed in
his narrative, the neighbors would come in
from time to time to hear portions read,
and a great interest in the work was excited
among them. It claimed to have been
written by one of the lost nations, and to
have been recovered from the earth, and
assumed the title of "Manuscript Found."

The neighbors would often inquire how
Mr. S. progressed in deciphering the
manuscript, and when he had a sufficient
portion prepared he would inform them,
and they would assemble to hear it read.
He was enabled from his acquaintance
with the classics and ancient history, to
introduce many singular names, which
were particularly noticed by the people,
and could be easily recognized by them.
Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother,
Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the
place at the time, who was perfectly fa-
miliar with this work, and repeatedly
heard the whole of it read.

From New Salem, we removed to
Pittsburgh, Pa. Here Mr. S. found an
acquaintance and friend, in the person of
Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper.
He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P.

who was very much pleased with it, and
borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a
long time, and informed Mr. S. that if he
would make out a title page, and preface,
he would publish it, and it might be a
source of profit. This Mr. S. refused to
do, for reasons which I cannot now
state. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured
so largely in the history of the Mormons,
was at this time connected with the print-
ing office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known
in that region, and as Rigdon himself has
frequently stated. Here he had ample
opportunity to become acquainted with
Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and to copy
it if he chose. It was a matter of noto-
riety and interest to all who were connect-
ed with the printing establishment. At
length the manuscript was returned to its
author, and soon after we removed to Amity,
Washington county, Pa. where Mr. S.
died, in 1816. The manuscript then fell
into my hands, and was carefully preserv-
ed. It has frequently been examined by
my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Mon-
sieur, Mass., with whom I now reside, and
by other friends. After the "Book of
Mormon" came out, a copy of it was
taken to New Salem, the place of Mr.
Spaulding's former residence, and the very
place where the "Manuscript Found" was
written. A woman preacher ap-
pointed a meeting there, and in the meet-
ing read and repeated copious extracts
from the "Book of Mormon." The his-
torical part was immediately recognized by
all the older inhabitants, as the identical
work of Mr. S., in which they had been
so deeply interested years before. Mr.
John Spaulding was present, who is an
eminently pious man, and recognized per-
fectly the work of his brother. He was
amazed and afflicted, that it should have
been perverted to so wicked a purpose.
His grief found vent in a flood of tears,
and he arose on the spot and expressed in
the meeting his deep sorrow and regret
that the writings of his sainted brother
should be used for a purpose so vile and
shocking. The excitement in New Sa-
lem became so great, that the inhabitants
had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus
Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to
this place, and to obtain from me the ori-
ginal manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for
the purpose of comparing with the Mor-
mon Bible, to satisfy their own minds and
to prevent their friends from embracing an
error so delusive. This was in the year
1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him
an introduction and request for the man-
uscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake,
Aaron Wright, and others, with all of
whom I was acquainted, as they were my
neighbors when I resided in New Salem.

I am sure that nothing could grieve my
husband more, were he living, than the
use which has been made of his work.
The air of antiquity which was thrown
about the composition, doubtless sugges-
ted the idea of converting it to purposes
of delusion. Thus an historical romance,
with the addition of a few pious expres-
sions and extracts from the sacred scrip-
tures, has been construed into a new bible,
and palmed off upon a company of poor
deluded fanatics, as divine. I have given
the previous brief narration, that this
work of deep deception and wickedness
may be searched to the foundation, and
its author exposed to the contempt and
execration he so justly deserves.

VILLAINY.—The Supreme Court of
Ohio, now sitting in this city, devoted last
Saturday, the 20th inst., to the hearing of
applications for divorce. The evidence
adduced in one case, revealed a career of
villainy, which has seldom been exceeded.
The husband of the applicant came to Pleas-
ant Valley, New York, several years
since, and introduced himself to a Presby-
terian clergyman of that place, as a gra-
duate of some College in Quebec. He
stated that his father was a wealthy man
of Upper Canada, who was anxious that he
should go to Europe, and complete his
education at one of the Universities of
Edinburgh; but that he was anxious to
remain in America, and prepare himself
for the ministry; and that in consequence
of his declining to follow the plan marked
out by his father, he was left without means
to prosecute his theological studies. The
charitable clergyman took him into his
family, and for a year supplied him with
every thing—and several times relieved
him when under arrest for debt. At the
close of the year he borrowed money to
return to Canada, saying that he still hoped
that his father might be induced to aid him.
From Quebec, he wrote that his father's
property had recently been consumed by
fire, and requested the further loan of \$30
to enable him to return. The money was
forwarded to him, but he was not again
heard of. He is next found preaching
and distributing tracts in the Western Re-
serve, and finally comes to Hamilton
county, Ohio, where he introduces himself
under another name to a clergyman, as a
licentiate of the Presbyterian church in
Scotland, preaches frequently, and in that
he marries the daughter of a respectable
physician. He then removes to Kentucky,
with his wife, and employs himself as a
teacher. After a year's residence in Ken-
tucky, he purchased a horse, for which he
gave his note; came up to Cincinnati, sold
the horse, wrote a letter to a distinguished
under a false name to his father-in-law,
communicated a very flattering obituary
notice of himself to one of the Lawrence-
burgh editors, and escaped down the river.
He is next heard from at Mobile, from
whence he writes in a very penitente style
to the clergyman in his county, upon
whom he had so shamefully imposed, and
subsequently as a proof of his faith in
him, again marries, and in a few months
afterwards again writes to his father-in-
law, saying that he is in prison, awaiting
his trial for forgery, and requesting him
not to appear as a witness. The count-
ess decreed divorce and allowed five hun-
dred dollars alimony.—Cincinnati Chronicle.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—Since we took
occasion to broach the subject of the insti-
tution of an Agricultural Society in Lowndes
County, public attention has been directed to
the importance of such societies in other parts
of the State. We are fully convinced that
should the planters of Lowndes unite in the
formation of an institution of this kind, an-
numbered benefits would accrue to them; for
a frequent exchange of sentiments on the
subject of farming, much valuable agricultural
information would be disseminated, which is
not in the possession of the majority. The
following article which is from the pen of a
correspondent of the Jackson, Miss. Sun, ex-
presses our ideas pretty fully as to the cause of
the pecuniary distress of our planters, and
their only reasonable means of relief. The
products of the soil must pay their debts; and
hence, every means should be resorted to, to
produce as much as economically as possi-
ble; and there is no plan, to our mind, that
will enable them to obtain information so as to
attain to this desirable result as the formation
of Agricultural Societies.

AGRICULTURE.
MR. EDITOR:—As a Mississippian, I
feel the greatest interest in the prosperity
of the State. It is now passing through
the fiery furnace of affliction, the severity
from the short crop of last year. It need
not, it cannot, be disguised any longer,
we have managed badly. The planting
interest, the greatest and most powerful,
has suffered itself, with glaring impolicy,
to become cramped in all its relations.
With a productive soil and a genial cli-
mate, this great producing class, the bone
and sinew of all countries, has become as
hard pressed as the mere speculator.

That it is the result of mismanagement,
there can be no question—mismanage-
ment in the government and people. It is
attributable to the indiscretion of un-